

# GREENWICH VILLAGE

**GREENWICH VILLAGE!** A republic in the air! A gathering of constantly changing men and women that have a past or have a future and live in both. A gathering of people that worship the highest ideals, constantly building bridges from one illusion to another, not noticing the mud that covers their roads and that is thrown after them from all sides. **GREENWICH VILLAGE!** Refuge of saints condemned to life in the crude hard realistic world, you playground of sensation—thirsty women with a yellow streak and of men that mistake the desire to sow wild oats for artistic inclination. **GREENWICH VILLAGE!** Where genius starved and gave the world the best it had, where fortunes were squandered and fortunes made, where heavens of earthly bliss prevail and tortures of hell are suffered, where night and day cease to be the regulating element of the world, where new ideas are developed into systems, into systems that will be overthrown tomorrow and substituted by others that will not live any longer.

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**A SEMIMONTHLY EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO  
IN HIS GARRET ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

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## Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

*t' Fort nieuw Amsterdam op de Manhatans*



FORT NEW AMSTERDAM



(NEW YORK), 1651.

When you leave, please leave this book  
Because it has been said  
"Ever'thing comes t' him who waits  
Except a loaned book."

EVERY  
DURST.

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*The proof that liberty is the divine ideal of man, is that she is the first dream of youth, and that she does not fade from our soul until our heart is withered and our mind either debased or discouraged. There is not a soul twenty years old that is not republican. There is not a decayed heart that is not servile.*

*Alphonse de Lamartine*

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## **Les Confidences: Being the Confessions of a Self-made American**

**I**N the solitude of my garret have I thought about all this business that is setting aflame with barbaric rage one world and creating uneasiness, constraining personal liberty and sowing the seeds of hatred among brothers in the other.

And because I am an American citizen, and because I thank the belligerent countries for some of the best and most essential things of my life, I feel that I must voice these thoughts of my solitude and tell them to you, who were born and raised in America, and who might better understand after this, and to you who are citizens as I am by your own choice, but who perhaps had never time or inclination or the intuition to think about it all.

Well do I remember the day on which I resolved to make this country my own. It was nearly a year after my arrival in the United States. I had just finished reading the writings of Abraham Lincoln. I wanted to be a citizen of the country this man had lived and worked and finally died for.

Hero worship! But how I would wish to be as young again! My ideals carried me with uncurtailed wings high above all material matters—above disappointments not spared to any of us, and all those little disasters which are part of our lives.

I had admired Alexander the Great; Napoleon had been my ideal for years. Power, strength, determination of will, making other people do what he thought was best for them,—that had impressed me. To read the lives of these men, to study their methods and their actions brought me elevation and gave me ambition.

Being the product of a monarchistic system, raised in an atmosphere of discipline, of castes and of traditions, I was to be deeply impressed with the European Republic—with France. Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!

I searched for it in France and I could not find it. Maybe I was too young in those days; maybe I was not able to translate the ideal into existing conditions. Maybe I was considering life as it was more than as it had been planned to be.

And I became a cynic; I lost my belief in real things. I wanted to live my own life outside of the community of men whom I did not trust, who seemed to me egotists, sailing under a false flag of idealistic endeavors. Too deeply rooted in me was my early education of respect for laws and regulations to do anything desperate, or to join the groups of the dissatisfied, of men who call themselves betterers of humanity, and whom humanity calls outlaws, parasites or reformers.

And so I decided to live my own life in the "New World," to think as I wanted to think, to believe what I wished to believe, not to know anything of government, not to be a part of a system. As work which should furnish me with the necessities of life, I chose hard menial labor. Work that anybody could do who had strength and physical ability, where there were no questions asked, no contracts made. I came in the morning and received my pay in the evening, if I wished to. If I didn't like the work, I could quit it. And while I was working to earn my room and board, my thoughts were my own. And never in my life did I feel freer than in those days in which I had exchanged my pen for a shovel.

I frequented the libraries. In my work clothes I strolled in, asked for any book I wished to read. Can you recollect the red tape you have to go through if you ask for a book in the library in France, in Germany or in Italy? Not the big tragedies of life make for unhappiness, but the small, little annoyances spoil for us the pleasure of enjoying this world.

**"I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and mean to keep doing so 'til the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything."**

These are the words of Lincoln, uttered at a time when he seemed entangled in a labyrinth of political complications. I read his life, I read everything I could find about him, about his contemporaries, and now after more than fifty years have elapsed since his tragic death, these words of his have proven true. He had been far above the criticism of his time; he had seen only one goal for his life, one path leading to this goal, and he walked this path. He saw the ambushes; he anticipated the stones which would be hurled at him from behind, but he walked on. He had one life and the only vocation of his was to live that life of his. His words—and his words were his life—showed me what this country meant to the world, what America had been and was for all nations, for all races.



AND so I stood there before the clerk in a western city and desired to make my application for American citizenship. It was a formality of a couple of minutes. I glanced over the slip of paper he handed me. There it stood, black on white, glaring into my face, that I had to renounce the sovereign, the prince whose subject I then was.

There are moments in the life of every human being when his brain works with a hurrying alacrity. Thoughts, memories, vivid pictures of scenes that have left an everlasting impression shoot through the brain in terrifying quick succession. They follow one the other, covering as long a stretch of years as our conscious and unconscious memory goes back in our lives. It happened there to me. In the clerk's office while I was looking at the disinterested face of the man who wanted me to raise my hand and repeat the oath and to be done with me. I saw myself as a young boy singing patriotic songs. I saw myself as a youth in uniform with unsheathed sword swearing an oath of allegiance to my king. How terrible that oath was! "During day and night," the oath reads, "in water and on land, in peace and in war, will I follow his leadership, will I be loyal to him. Even against my father and my brothers will I be loyal to him."

And then I thought how I had been educated at his expense, being a beneficiary of a stipendium, how I had to thank him indirectly for my college and for my university education. And I thought of my father and of his father and of all of my ancestors, and I thought of my brothers who wore his coat and spent their lives in his service, and all this I thought in less than a minute, and I told the clerk that I would come back on another day to sign my declaration of intention.

I do not take myself more seriously than is necessary in order to be taken seriously by others. I always hated ceremonies and climaxes of any kind, but on that day I felt something that I never had felt before. I felt I was giving birth to myself. Instead of doing as I had done so often in questions of importance, to wait until the moment presented itself and then act, I decided to have it out with myself.

A man who wanted to live his own life, a man who could not give himself up to the narrowness of his surroundings, who was willing to give up everything, to sacrifice the fruits which long years of study and a professional training would have brought him, because he could not accept certain traditions and convictions—an iron ring around his head and an untransgressable wall enclosing his ambitions—must have the ability to forget, to erase out of his mind completely what has been. Or the thoughts what could have been will come and torture him and make him regret and kill him.

For years I had not thought. I felt a stranger in my own past, as I was sitting there in my dark little hall room thinking of my allegiance to my king whom I had to abrogate in order to become an American citizen.

**A** TEACHER paid by him or by the government whose earthly impersonation he is, had taught me to read and to write. His schools gave me a military training and the military discipline taught me that great lesson millions of our brother citizens seem never to have learned: To keep my mouth shut and obey orders.

That was about all that I wanted to say thanks for to the country of my birth. I came to this conclusion after I had guided my thoughts through twenty-three years of my life. I surprised myself at musings of sympathy and of pity for many of those who had been associates of my youth. While my country gave me my education, I had to go to other countries for food to sustain my real self. I had to go to the philosophers of Germany, I had to go to the poets and artists of France, I had to go to the singers and musicians of Italy and to the dramatists of England for all those essential things that make my real life worth living. And then I recollected those months that I had spent in this new country of my choice. I remembered how nobody asked me questions, how nobody put obstacles in my way, how everybody seemed to take me for granted, looking into my eyes and sizing me up as the man I seemed to be.

I summed up the impressions I had received during my stay in the United States. The streets of New York loomed up in my mind. I saw the Italian selling his Italian wares, the German the products of his country, the French the specialties of France, I saw Norwegian and Swedish skippers, I saw the ghetto with its typical life, I saw the Armenian with his carpets and I saw the Greek and the Turk and the Spaniard; in the Metropolitan Opera House there was German and Italian and French opera. The book stores were laden with the Anglicised literature of the world. The museums bore witness of everything beautiful that had ever been created in any part of the world at any age. The most remarkable, the most useful, the most beneficial things of the universe were brought here, put to the disposal of, annexed and assimilated by the American. And the American himself had come once from one of these countries and had taken possession of all that he found and had given in exchange all that he had.

He had come as I did.

*And I realized that to be American means to be cosmopolitan.*

To be cosmopolitan means to be big, to be high above small hatred and petty jealousy and ill-directed ambition. It means to be a brother to mankind, a fellow-builder of this world.

While I had felt the laws of every country that I had lived in constraining personal liberty of the individual, I saw them here apparently made for the protection and for the benefit of the citizen. I was young in those days!

**A** PESSIMIST, he who has given up hope, turns easily into an enthusiast. Over there in my own country by not complying with the average requirements of that particular class to

whom I belonged by birth and among whom to live would have been my fate I hardly could have done anything with my life. I always would have been the apostate.

Here all paths seemed to me open to any goal I might set for myself. I had just finished reading the writings of Lincoln and I felt that everybody could do things in this country. People would consider the merit of things done and would not ask, "Who is he—why did he do it?"

I felt they would give me a chance.

And how I wanted a chance!

And then I thought what I would do with my life. I decided to stay here for good, to make America my own country. And then and there I bade farewell to the past, to my king and to my country.

I became an enthusiast again. I wanted to give everything so as to be worthy to receive. I went up to that clerk's office on one of the next days and made *tabula rasa*. I swore off an allegiance which had become sham without flesh and without blood.

**Y**EARS came and years passed. I found that there was a vast difference between a Lincoln and the lives of Americans I was confronted with every day. I found that not everything is gold that shines. The enthusiasm cleared away like clouds—beautiful clouds, dreamy, rose-colored clouds, but never did I miss the silver lining.

I know America from East to West and from North to South. I know its people, those wonderful people who till the soil, who raise cattle, who mine hundreds of yards beneath the surface; I know the people of the city who work and scheme and labor and slave. I know the rich who had more at the day of their birth than an average human being could ever earn in three-score years: I know those wonderful geniuses who moulded their lives to their own desire, and I know the unfortunates who await on park benches the dawn of a new day of misery.

**I** KNOW this country, with the beauty of Italy, the romance of Spain and of Switzerland, with the marshes and pastures of France and of Germany. And the people are big-minded and big-hearted; they are dreamers but builders, lovers of the beautiful but utilizers of beauty: everything that is fit to survive—everything that was created to last forever is a part of this United States. It is the cosmopolis as a whole and in its smallest village.

**I**NEVITABLY will there arise in every community which, through individual vote, expresses its individualism by the election of one leader, the occasion when he will have to act as the supreme executive. The President of the United States is the leader of every citizen. At a time of crisis he has to shoulder the gravest responsibility that ever burdened a human being. He has to think, he has to come to conclusions which mean life and death to thousands, to millions of those who look up to him with trust and with confidence.

Would you call an American a loyal American citizen who interferes with his President while he is meditating the gravest problem perhaps ever to be solved by a President of the United States? Can he be called an American citizen who forgets his oath of allegiance to this country—be it acquired by birth or by his own free choice—and tries by means that can be called either “making use of his right of free speech” or open vulgar treason to interfere with the highest executive who alone can act, who alone must act and who alone will be responsible to posterity for the occurrences during his administration?

Be it good or be it bad, be it wise or be it hasty, be it peace-bringing, or involving us in a disastrous war, like one man we must stand back of him whom we have chosen to be our President—in the time of crisis our leader.

**W**E, the descendants of all nations of the world, feel today better than ever that to be American means to be cosmopolitan. And while we rage against this nation or that nation we forget above all the most vital thing in life: good taste. We, who are brother citizens of the descendants of all nations, cannot, now or ever in the future, speak ill of any nation without hurting the feelings of a descendant of that nation who breathes our American air and who may be sitting at our table.

The decision of our President must be final with us. America does not know military conscription, but everybody is expected to be a soldier in time of need. A bad soldier is he who discusses the possible actions of his leader ahead of their event. And a failure in life is he who complains and mumbles and talks even after he realizes that his choice of leader was not the wisest. The individual ceases to have an own will and an own opinion if he is bound by his oath and by the honor of his manhood to follow one leader. A coward is he who resigns in the last second, who is not willing to sacrifice his individual convictions and even conscience for his country.

There are no hyphenated citizens. There are citizens and no citizens.

**H**YPOCRISY it is to hoist the American flag and at the same time incite hatred against nations. Just as cosmopolitan as the United States are, just as cosmopolitan as its people is—and therefore truly American, the American flag is the highest and supermost symbol of the universal love of the kindred of men. Abolished is the distinction of races. Black be the body of a man or white, as long as he has a white soul he is one of us. And white are the stripes, next to the red, red as the blood that pulsates in the veins of everything that is alive, of everything that is created and might find its way to the hospitable shores of the land of liberty. And the dome of blue arches above all of us in all parts of both hemispheres and the stars are there, those kind, benevolent eyes of eternity which follow us wherever we go, that bring peace to our hearts and hope and beauty, if we only lift our eyes to find them.



And because every one of the belligerent countries gave me an essential part of my life, and because I lived in all of them, and because I claimed the United States as my own, and because I am looking to our President as to my leader and to the United States as my just claimant, I feel that to be an American means to be cosmopolitan.

*Guido Bruno*

## **Should an Artist be National or Cosmopolitan?**

### **A Conversation With Jean Francois Raffaelli.**

**I**T was in spring, 1894, when M. Raffaelli, the painter of Parisian street scenes, received me for the first time in his room at the Café Martin, New York. It was an ordinary large hotel room, with bed, washstand, desk, bureau, and a few framed prints on the wall. Out of the corner windows we could see the red brick houses of Ninth Street, and a vista on University Place, a street scene just as if it was painted by the artist himself. And the dreary weather outside absorbed all color effects and threw a grey monotonous light over everything. I had been in this same room before, and remembered how barren and uninteresting it had appeared to me, but now it seemed filled with Raffaelli's personality, vivaciously moving about the room as he talked. The very frugality of his surroundings seemed to be a reflection of his work.

M. Raffaelli is a man of sturdy build, with a large, long face, dark hair and beard, and strong, bold features that seemed to have acquired the firmness and polish of bronze by being continually engaged in keen observations of life.

"Don't you think it would be best," I began, "if you would talk French and I talk English. You also probably understand English better than you talk it."

"On the contrary, I talk it better than I understand it; but you speak French, do you?"

"Well, only so so, but I will try."

"Throw in an English word now and then," said Raffaelli, to encourage me, and then asked abruptly: "Well, on what shall I talk this afternoon?"

I saw at once that he had encountered some of our American reporters. "Oh, I do not know if this is for immediate use," I retorted.

"Oh, I thought it was for some paper."

"Perhaps,—at any rate I have prepared myself to ask you a few questions about American art. For instance, should an artist be national or cosmopolitan?"

"Art searches for beauty, and beauty is a condition of the soul. If I paint this street," and he pointed out the window, "it is no longer the street, it has become a reflection of myself, how I see it. And how we see things depends largely on the associations of our youth. Millet was a peasant, and after trying

himself in different spheres, comprehended that after all he understood peasant life best, and remained the poet of peasants for the rest of his life."

"Do you think it necessary for young artists to go to Europe?"

"Yes, because Paris is the centre of modern art; Japan is another, but farther away. In France we have an artistic atmosphere which is lacking here. I believe it is absolutely necessary for an artist to visit Paris now and then."

"What do you think of those American painters who continually live abroad and paint French subjects; for instance, like Charles Sprague Pearce?"

"Mr. Pearce is the man who paints a sort of effeminate picture?" asked my host.

"Yes."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"How about Whistler and Sargent?" I asked.

"That is a very delicate question," said M. Raffaelli, hesitatingly. "I consider Whistler and Sargent American painters. They have preserved certain characteristics that are strictly American. Women in France and America are largely different, and Whistler has some of the grace and flavor of American women in his art. Dannat also remained American."

"I know of several young artists who painted American subjects—quite interestingly—before they studied abroad, but as soon as they have arrived in Paris, they become pupils of one or the other well known masters and throw away their originality to imitate the French!"

"They merely vulgarize art. I don't think much of a man who changes his ideas as soon as he becomes interested in something else. As a young man I traveled a good deal and absorbed everything, stuffed my pockets full with all sorts of impressions, and now," and M. Raffaelli drew his coat out over his breast. "I can give away with full hands. When I returned to Paris, it was a revelation to me how beautiful really my native city was; the streets, the people, everything. Artists here have told me that this country is not picturesque. Why, it is beautiful. Some of the streets where the trees are irregularly planted are particularly charming. Those houses, this window, can be made beautiful. First, when I painted street scenes, they said art could never render a *maison d'étage* beautiful, as they are once for all ugly. I said, why not? Take one of those grey houses as a background; before the house there are two or three trees; they are like fine lacework; then the black balconies can be treated like arabesques, and then on the sidewalk the people moving to and fro, a glimpse of blonde hair, some bright color, why, that is a picture! But there must be a general movement of the literary men as well as the artists to discover the beauty of this country. There was no particular beauty in the suburbs of Paris until we modern men discovered it. No, a few great artists must rise to show the public how beautiful this country really is; until then it will always be considered ugly."

"Do you think art schools necessary, as geniuses always find a way to develop themselves?"

"I wish they would do away with schools altogether."

"Just as there are no schools for authors—" I suggested.

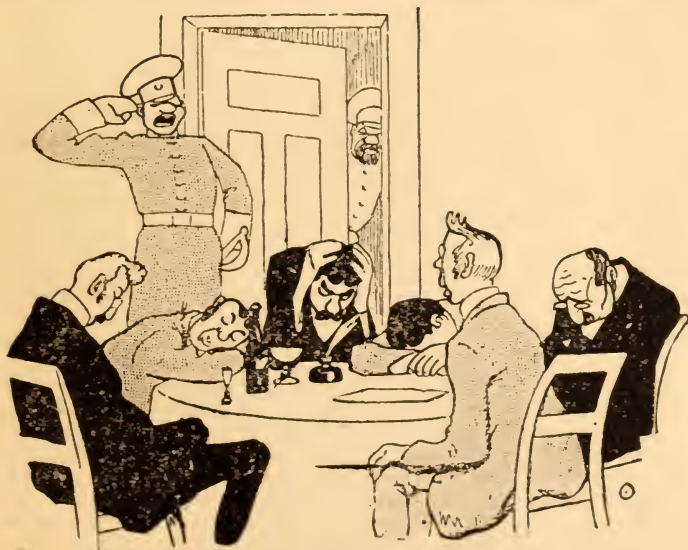
"There should be no school for painters. I only went three months to an art school. What one learns there one can also learn oneself. For instance, a few years ago I took up etching. I did not know anything about the engraver's technique. I simply bought a few books on etching, studied them, bought the material, experimented, and eventually made some etchings as good as anybody else."

"What do you think about art criticism? Quite a number of our artists are of the opinion that art criticism should not exist at all."

"That is another complex question. Art critics should be men of taste. What is journalism? The Voice of the People. The public talks about pictures, praises and condemns, why should not the critics do the same? But they should be men of taste. Never artists; they are bad critics. No art criticism should exist."

Before I left, M. Raffaelli arranged with me a slumming expedition through the poorest quarters of this city (every bit as interesting as Paris), of which I may speak some other time.

—Sadakichi Hartmann



**The Isolated War Correspondents, or,  
That's How It Will Be.**

"The war is over, gentlemen! You are at liberty to send your reports."

## "Dear Reliable Contraband"

*If Mark Twain were living today, he surely would find no occasion to mourn the death of the "Reliable Contraband." Reliable Contraband seems to be with us again. His spirit seems to be revived and reincarnated in the souls and minds of the hundreds who write and speak in our daily papers, in our periodicals and in our magazines.*

*The following letter of Mark Twain's,—a eulogy on the Reliable Contraband,—was read at the annual dinner of the New York Press Club, at Delmonico's, in 1869. It appeared in Packard's Monthly for July, 1869, and seems to have been forgotten—or at least overlooked—by the bibliographers of the great American humorist.*

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :

**I**T is my painful duty to mar these festivities with the announcement of the death of one who was dear to us all—our tried and noble friend, the "Reliable Contraband." To the world at large, this event will bring no sorrow, for the world never comprehended him, never knew him as we did, never had such cause to love him; but unto us the calamity brings unutterable anguish—for it heralds the loss of one whose great heart beat for us alone, whose tireless tongue vibrated in our interest only, whose fervent fancy wrought its miracles solely for our enrichment and renown.

In his time, what did he not do for us? When marvels languished and sensation despatches grew tame, who was it that laid down shovel and hoe and came with healing on his wings? The Reliable Contraband. When despair hung its shadows about the hearts of the people, and sorrow sat on every face, who was it that braved every danger to bring cheering and incomprehensible news from the front? The Reliable Contraband. Who took Richmond the first time? The Reliable Contraband. Who took it the second time? The Reliable Contraband. Who took it every time until the last, and then felt the bitterness of hearing a nation applaud the man more who took it once, than the greater man who had taken it six times before? The Reliable Contraband. When we needed a bloodless victory, to whom did we look to win it? The Reliable Contraband. When we needed news to make the people's bowels yearn, and their knotted and combined locks to stand on end like quills upon a fretful porcupine, to whom did we look to fetch it? The Reliable Contraband.

My friends, he was the faithfulest vassal that ever fought, bled and lied in the glorious ranks of journalism. Thunder and lightning never stopped him; annihilated railroads never delayed him; the telegraph never overtook him; military secrecy never crippled his knowledge; stragetic feints never confused his judgment; cannon balls couldn't kill him; clairvoyance couldn't find him; Satan himself couldn't catch him. His information comprised all knowledge, possible and impossible; his imagination was utterly boundless; his capacity to make statements, and so back them up as to make an inch of truth cover an acre of ground, without appearing to stretch and tear, was a thing



appalled even the most unimpressible with its awful grandeur.

The Reliable Contraband is no more. Born of the war, and a necessity of the war, and of the war only, he watched its progress, took notes of its successes and reverses, manufactured and recorded the most thrilling features of its daily history, and then when it died his great mission was fulfilled, his occupation gone, and he died likewise.

No journalist here present can lay his hand upon his heart and say he had not cause to love this faithful creature, over whose unsentient form we drop these unavailing tears—for no journalist among us all can lay his hand upon his heart and say he ever lied with such pathos, such unction, such exquisite symmetry, such sublimity of conception and such felicity of execution, as when he did it through and by the inspiration of this regally gifted marvel of mendacity, the lamented *Reliable Contraband*. Peace to his ashes!

Respectfully,

MARK TWAIN.

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## Two Old Women

TWO old women talking by a door,

Two old women by a door,  
Talking of many an ancient thing,  
Talking, mumbling, whispering  
With heads held close together,  
There by the door in spring weather.

What do they talk of? you ask.

Ah, do not ask;

'Twere but a senseless task.

Enough for you and me,

Only you and me,

To cling to the memory

Of the old faces in the door,

Two old women in the door,

Chattering like magpies o'er

Things we do not know

And shall never know, . . .

And, turning, we leave them so.

—Harold Hersey

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*A little romance in your heart, a little invention in your head, a little iron in your purpose,—these things will keep a man in the world as long as it is decent for him to stay.*

—Michael Monahan

## Silhouettes, Romance and War

**S**HADOW pictures are coming into vogue in Europe and especially the artists in the trenches are favoring the oldest way of drawing as a welcome pastime. The silhouette, supposed to be the oldest and first attempt of man to draw a picture of man, played always an important part among the romantic features of war time. It was Dibutade, a Grecian maid, thousands of years before Christ, who drew the first silhouette of her lover, Kleophantes. He had come to say good-bye. It was evening, and at the dawn of the next day he was to march away with the other soldiers, who were going to fight on the boundaries of their country. Her father was a potter. A potter in those days



was an artist, and his pottery the expression of his art. The oil torch was flickering away in its receptacle on the wall. The girl, closely nestled to her lover in the last embrace of her farewell, saw the shadow of the outline of his features on the opposite wall. "Don't move," she said. Hurriedly she went for a piece of charcoal and traced his shadow with black lines. And while her sweetheart left her behind, following the call of his country, she retained his likeness on the wall. Pliny claims the first shadow picture was drawn by the Egyptian, Gyges, as a self-portrait in the reflection of his camp fire. But Dibutade's story

is more romantic, and therefore more appealing to us, and therefore also more probable.

Carlos Tips, the German artist, sent impressions from the trenches and from his experiences as scout home to his friends, and in quick succession others took up the antiquated and gentle art of drawing silhouettes.



I am reproducing two of his striking pictures which appeared recently in *Universum* (Germany). The one is called "The Watch," the other "The Red of the Dawn."

The big, aggressive figure, with banner and sword, climbing the mountain to its highest top, is the typical silhouette of the



German student and fighter for liberty in 1848. Scores of such appeared in illustrated American periodicals, accompanied by words of admiration for the young, enthusiastic fighters for freedom of speech and mind in Germany: for the fighter for the American ideal on the other side of the ocean.

Guido Bruno

## Reveries

### Bird and Man

**A** LITTLE robin took quarters in a hedge on the outskirts of the park, right next to the sidewalk.

That's what I call confidence.

The bush is open on all sides and is half naked yet,—only the skeleton of the green parasol to be.

From far away his nest can be distinctly seen; the hemisphere of straw, pressed into the fork of branches, shines in the sun and tells how new it is.

Passerby, I look at it:

Yes, the bird is in there. He puts his head under his wing and makes himself as small as he can—he is afraid. . . .

"No, he passed by! He surely did not see me!"

What a heart-refreshing confidence! . . . confidence in the thorns of the bush that shelters him. . . . in Mother Nature, who, in not less than a week, will have ready for him the green hiding place.

In humanity?

Never!

### Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

**N**OT much was left of the old oak.

Everything: the branches of its crown and twigs—even the bark—was gone, and left was only the trunk with its stumps of branches, naked and uncanny, staring high up into the air,—a testimony to the heavens that the young forest had stolen the life of the oak.

But once, a long time ago. . . .

Yes, long ago the oak was reaching after passing clouds. Ravens built their nests in its broad crown and thousands of plants and smaller vegetation grew out from between its roots. Generation after generation played at the feet of the oak, cut hearts and initials in its hardened bark and met under its sheltering green roof to declare love and exchange sweet secrets. . . . And, today, not even a sparrow would take a short rest on the dried, dead trunk.

That's what they call in the forest: forgotten.

*From the Swedish of Fred Fleuron, by Guido Bruno*





*Herrmann Sudermann*

*By special permission of "Der Sturm", Herwarth Walden's  
monthly magazine, (Berlin)*

## Little Talks By the Editor

### Mr. Wall's Etchings

**M**R. WALL'S exhibition of etchings and drawings—originally planned until June 6th—has been extended until June 14th. It seems that there is a new interest awakening for etching and the work of modern etchers.

The great interest manifested by the large public in the work of Mr. Wall is more than convincing that the etcher's art is on the eve of popularity in America. That the subjects of the etchers ceased to be far remote from the average man who might happen to frequent places of exhibition is one of the chief reasons for the revival of the gentle art of etching in America. Of course, Whistler and his followers knew how to express the charm of a certain place or the vision of an inspired moment on their plates.

The keynote of Mr. Wall's work is everyday life transformed to his plate without having undergone at first a reception hall procedure before the big hall mirror: be it a portrait, it is the impression of a moment in a characteristic position, even if there is no time to comb the hair, to adjust the necktie, to smooth out the wrinkles in the dress, or throw back that persistent curl which doesn't want to stay back of the ear. His types are types of the street which are so well known to all of us that we cease to see them any more, passing them on the street. His sketches of places and of buildings carry the spirit of the locality,—they have an individuality of their own.

And Mr. Wall has just begun his career. He is too much of a man of the world, too much of a cosmopolitan to lose himself in details. He knows too well how important the smallest detail is for the conception of the whole to overlook even the smallest thing, so long as it is essential.

But his exhibition has proved to me again that the American public at large—I mean those thousands of men and women you see in the streets, in the subway and on the elevated, and who are usually called the masses—is not only susceptible to the good, to the beautiful, but in fact prefers it to anything else. Provided, they are given a chance to see it.

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### My Garret

**B**RUNO'S GARRET does not call itself a gallery, is not in competition with any other establishment in this city or anywhere else and above all has no commercial intentions.

There is a large room facing Washington Square, a room with five windows, fine light, and walls which seem to have been built for exhibition purposes. It would have been a shame not to utilize this place and not to give both artist and the people a chance to find here a meeting place.

Not the art patrons, not the collectors did I wish to attract on the day that I opened the doors of my garret to the public.

The buses pass the garret and bring daily, especially on nice sunny days, thousands of people to Greenwich Village. They

are partly "joy-riders," sight-seers, and partly strangers who are getting acquainted with our metropolis from the top of the bus.

The huge signs on the part of the garret which faces Washington Square were pointed out to me as undignified and unaesthetic. It might be that I would prefer a nice little brass plate beneath the knocker on my door. But the knocker would never sound if I would not tell them all in big legible letters that there is a Bruno's Garret and that they are invited to come in.

Art is not a mystery. An art gallery is not a mausoleum. Art is not the exclusive property of a chosen few. Art is universal; art belongs to everybody who has eyes to see and ears to hear. And, therefore, a sign "Stop, look and listen" is in its place on a Broadway of New York's busy, buzzing life.

And they come in. All kinds of people—laborers, professors, business men. At first, they act rather uncomfortable. They don't seem to know "what I am driving at." There is no mystery, no strange-looking furniture, no soft carpets, and in vain they look for a dignified gentleman with a mysterious face,—his nose turned high to the heavens, acting as usher and high-priest of art, standing with his broad shoulders between the objects that are shown and the man who would wish to *see* them,—just to see them. It is this usher who prevents him from looking, from using his eyes—who wishes to get rid of an explanation or interpretation which he whispers mysteriously in your ear.

There are only walls: pictures, drawings, etchings, or whatever is placed on exhibition, tacked to the walls, without frames. And there are the windows with the glorious trees and lawns and children on Washington Square. *Stop and look!* That is the message impressed upon the visitor to my garret. They come again and they always bring their friends. Isn't that a better appreciation than volumes they could talk?

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## The German People and Militarism

ON the 14th of June I will tack to the walls of my garret several hundred drawings,—caricatures which appeared during the ten years preceding the present war, in Germany, by German authors in German periodicals, showing clearly the condemnation of German militarism by its artists, writers and the people at large.

The German people love liberty, abhor and detest militarism, and are following at the present only a necessity dictated by circumstances. Just think of 1848; how they fought Prussian despotism; how they rebelled against militarism! Thousands of their best men, students and laborers, fighting on the barricades shoulder by shoulder were killed, slaughtered by the suppressors of the libertarian and humanitarian movement.

Pick up a history of those days—those stormy days of 1848, so closely linked with the history of our own country. Think of the emblem of the fighters for liberty in Germany: the black and red and golden banner. Read old newspaper reports of our own papers; go to the library and go through the newspaper files of 1830 and of 1848, and read how the Americans of German descent in this country paraded with flying black, red and gold through the streets of New York, participating in the cele-

bration of the establishment of the French Republic. Read the speeches which were delivered in those days and you yourself will realize that one generation could not have changed the entire people—millions whose fathers had sacrificed their lives for liberty, for the same liberty for which our heroes died—into a horde of willing slaves, into wild brutes, spitting with contempt in the face of humanity, murdering, killing, burning down whatever happened to cross their path.

Think of Francis Lieber, the life-long friend and adviser of Lincoln; think of Schurtz, think of Siegel, and think of all the thousands of Germans who sacrificed their families, their homes—everything—and emigrated to America because they would live rather as laborers a poor life in a foreign country than to be well-paid subjects of a military system in the country of their birth.

Those that rebelled against militarism in Germany were scores. They rebelled, not only until the very same day of the declaration of the war, but they even do so today. Why take as the only authentic sources the official and semi-official newspapers and periodicals that emanate freely from Germany?

Why not read what the real German intellects have to say, men who are being suppressed by the leading authorities, who suffered in the past years of imprisonment, because they dared to sound the voice of protest for liberty.

But they all have one emperor, the emperor. They had sworn him allegiance; they were called to arms to act according to their oath, and they are simply men who take the consequences, the medicine—no matter how bitter it is—without complaining.

Wouldn't we do the same thing? Aren't we doing it every day? Did we not elect a President—and notwithstanding the fact that we may have voted Republican, we would follow our Democratic President in whatever he might choose to do, whatever he might command us to do, because we are American citizens, because we look up to him as our leader in the time of crisis. And we would uphold his actions to our last breath, even if we do not approve of them in the secret of our hearts. To the people outside of our country we all would appear like one man, carried by one enthusiasm, carried by one idea. It would be the idea of our leader, and it would be ours before the world—yours and mine—for him who is not an American and whose interests are not ours.

If you take a look at these drawings and paintings which voice the sentiment of millions of Germans—just until the eleventh hour before the declaration of war—you will respect those men who are true to their oath of allegiance, who are loyal, even if it kills their souls to do what they are commanded to do.

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## Charles Keeler, Poet of the Cosmos

**C**HARLES KEELER is a Californian by birth, but a cosmopolitan by fate and vocation. Flowers and birds attracted him as a boy, and color and movement—the wonderful rhythm that is the motive of everything that lives and breathes—is his muse today. His poems carry the strength of life, the gentleness



of nature and the mystery and tragedy that hovers inevitably above the head of every mortal.

The extended travels of his life have brought him in contact with the exotic beauty of the extreme Orient; his life among the Indians makes him a true singer of the American prairies and of the red man, the one indisputably unhyphenated American citizen.

The San Francisco earthquake, with all its horrors, which he witnessed, showed him—a student of nature from his early youth—the brutal forces of the unchained elements.

Mr. Keeler is one of the few who have the gift to be their own interpreters. Through him the forgotten and step-motherly-treated art of the spoken word was given a new renaissance.

His "Songs of the Cosmos," just published as No. 3 of the Special Series of Bruno Chap Books, convey the flavor of a cosmopolitan appreciation of the beautiful in this world—the beautiful that can be seen, and can be heard, and can be felt.

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## Otto Lohr — American Historian

**A**MONG the historians of our day who have done important constructive work relating to the early history of America and its settlement is Mr. Otto Lohr, of New York, of utmost importance. He spent almost ten years in searching for material about early German emigration to the United States, in the archives of the old country. He unearthed letters and documents in private libraries which threw new lights on the early history of America, always with a special view to German settlements. He has completed his work during the last decade in the libraries of the historical societies, of state and federal departments and of private individuals in the United States. Three years ago he published the first result of his work: "The German Element in America," enumerating in the shortest and most comprehensive way the history of German settlements in every state in the Union.

In his book just from the press, published by the German-American Historical Society of Illinois, "A Hundred Years of German-Americanism and the War of 1812-1815," a period is described and illuminated which was very dark up to now, and which, according to Mr. Lohr, was of most importance to the Germans, old and new, in this country. It is the period immediately after the War of 1812. In those days the German settlers of this country, who had fought for the independence of their newly adopted fatherland, started to be what he calls American-German in contrast to the new arrivals of subsequent years who were branded as German-Americans. It was in those days that even in Pennsylvania the German language was slowly but surely substituted by English; it was then that the first hard fights were fought about the language to be used in the churches. It was in that period that English was accepted in the foremost congregations as the language in which the gospel would be preached. Mr. Lohr calls them American-German—this generation who should become the ancestors of the best and most prolific stock of Americans. And a good many names which appear to be Dutch, and whose progeny claim to be Dutch, are shown to be of German origin in the historical records of Mr. Lohr.

And calmly, apparently without any other sentiment but to reveal the truth, Mr. Lohr evolves before our eyes the interesting history of these three years, which were of such importance for the German settlements in America and for the diffusion of the German element among the other population. Especially at this time, when we are accustomed to yards of war reports every hour, the history of the war of those years must be interesting. The war of a hundred years ago, as described by Mr. Lohr on the hand of his authentic sources, impresses us like a gentle play or a society game designed to pass a rainy Sunday afternoon.

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### **Poe's Vindicator**

Miss Mary Phillips, from Boston, paid a visit to my garret. She is devoting her life to a very hard task: she is writing a biography of Poe, of Edgar Allen Poe, the Man. For the past years she collected hitherto unknown material, consisting of letters, of pictures, of oral testimony about everybody and everything relating to Poe. In nothing else is she interested but in facts. And after she has completed this work, which is very far progressed, she will give to the world a new Poe—a real Poe—and then the unhappy, persecuted poet, who bears the distinction of being the only American poet, will be vindicated.

Among the most important features of Miss Phillips' work is her theory of heredity, and in a wonderful, bee-like way did she find new facts, unquestionable facts, about Poe's family, here and in England. Quite important is her discovery of old play bills showing that Poe's mother—supposed to have been a third-class actress in one of the best theatrical companies of her time—played exclusively the most important female rôles, as Ophelia or Juliet in Shakespearean plays.

Miss Phillips is the author of the only authentic book on James Fenimore Cooper, the Man.

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### **Elbert Hubbard By Michael Monahan**

**I**T is not what a man says about himself that shows up his identity, that lifts the veil of his soul and opens up to us the path of his life. It is what he says occasionally about others that reveals him to us better than his sincerest confession called forth by a desire for self-humiliation or the desire to unload the burdens he has carried all his life.

Michael Monahan in Memoriam Elbert Hubbard!

In the forthcoming issue of his *Phoenix* Michael Monahan speaks of him who once was the friend of his youth, and estranged during half a score of years—estranged until the tragic death of the preacher of East Aurora. The frank appreciation of the deceased, shows Monahan's soul-greatness.

## Sons of Great Fathers



No. 1. Siegfried Wagner

## Every-day Musings

By D. Molby

### Hippopotamus Tails

**E**VERY little thing in the world has some use, and the hippopotamus tail is one of these. The hippopotamus himself hasn't any particular use, but his tail has. That is, to the hippopotamus. Living, as he does, in the water, he is obliged to have it. His legs are so short and clumsy that all they are good for is to hold him up when he is standing on them.

His tail is barely a foot long, but is fairly thick, and has more muscle on it than any other tail of the same size in the world. Yet it isn't clumsy. The hippopotamus can wiggle it a great deal faster than a person can shake a stick. And even though he has tons of bulk and a huge chin to make resistance against the water, he can work his tail so fast that he can swim eleven miles an hour. This is a speed that is not to be sneezed at. And the tail doesn't get tired, either, for he can keep it up for hours at a stretch.

Anything with an efficiency like that is worthy to be thought about and emulated.

### The Hatching of a Chicken

**T**HAT a chicken should ever get out of his shell is a marvel. In the first place, he doesn't know that there is any world, and he is so cramped that it is hard to do anything. Under such circumstances 'most anybody else would just give up, or, at least, hammer away in one place until he could stick his head out.

But the chicken makes a peck with all his might, pushing at the same time with his feet. In this way he turns himself a little so the next time he can strike in a different place. After a few minutes he makes another prodigious effort. By and by he gets back to the same place again and makes a straighter line around the shell than anyone would think he could.

Then, when he breaks out, if he doesn't like the world, all he can do is to make the best of it. In picking the shell open he took his chances, and can't blame anybody but himself.

If some hawk or rat gets him, he is just that much better off, because he can die innocent. And if he lives to an old age there will not be any pleasure in it, for his children will not be with him to comfort him. He will sit on his roost awake until late at night, thinking over his life and how useless it all has been. And, finally, on some cold night, when all the rest are asleep, he will topple off dead.

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The deeps within the sea  
Are secret as can be—  
But O! the darks that hidden lie  
Ungessed in you and me.

The heights within the sky—  
Unfathomably high—  
Are O!—such modest mystery  
When you are searched, and I.

From "Amor Vitaque," a Little Book of Speculation in Lyric, Ballad and Omagram, by Oliver Opp-Dyke. Sherman, French & Company, Boston.



## Prisoners of Prisoners

by No. 5153

*The editor of Good Words, the institution paper of the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary, writes me good, cheer-bringing letters from his present place of residence. The following is an extract from one of his recent communications. Greenwich Village with its Square is not unknown to him.*

\* \* \*

Anyway, there goes the strident voiced gong, "clang, clang, clang, clang, ten to ten," and when the minute hand points to the zenith, out go the lights. As I lay down my pen the westering moon shines palely between the bars into my "apartment," even as she is now shining into your garret window, my dear Guido, and even as she is adding her waning radiance to the effulgent arcs in the Square. So to you, Guido, and to the benched flotsam of the Square, and to you, weariest perusers of this screed, *gute nacht! Und suesse Traeume!*

\* \* \*

**I**N a recent magazine I read a tale of a chap just discharged after "doing his bit," and who, with his five-dollar bill, which, with governmental munificence, is the customary largess bestowed for years of servitude, clutched tightly in hand, noticed a caged bird outside a shop he was passing. And the tale goes on, in good old sob stuff manner, to relate how the heart of the "ex" was touched by the sad condition of the feathered prisoner and how four-fifths of the poor man's meagre fortune was expended to turn the poor creature out into God's good sunlight and freedom. All very pretty and full of sentiment—and pathos, and incidentally untrue to life. The intramurals don't feel that way nor do "thusly." They are persistent cagers of bird and beast, and at every turn one comes upon some wee beastie in lattice screened box or hopping about on work-bench or cell-cot. Of course, her feline majesty, the cat, will not submit to inglorious incarceration, but the mice do get trapped and caged. Sparrows, pigeons, wild rabbits and Guinea pigs also go behind the bars.

The other day, in a visit to the power-house, I discovered in a relatively quiet corner, where the crescendo of the rattle of engine and dynamo did not penetrate, a happy family of papa and mamma Guinea pigs and little brother and sister pigs contentedly housed in an old box with the front entirely open. But the tenants were all good stay-at-homes and when caught, even in their front yard, immediately skittered to their box for shelter and protection. The Guinea pig does not like to be handled.

Then down in the carpenter shop "Sandy Sam"—and which reminds me that nicknames are as prevalent here as in a boys' school and as merciless. We are but a bunch of overgrown boys, anyway, some unruly and some docile, but personal characteristics come to the surface and one is promptly tagged. The gawky, large-mouthed fellow was promptly dubbed "Sharkey," and the hatchet-faced Bowery boy given to facial contortions when he talks, bears the uncomplimentary soubriquet, "Screwface." And, of course, there are "Reds" galore; every carrottop has to wear that label. Then to distinguish these

"Reds of the Midi" from one another, this one is "Richmond Red" and that one is "Skinny Red," while another is "Red Alec."

One little runt of a coon is "Dingbat" and two short, bald-headed blacks, who cell together, are the "Gold Dust Twins." But we've slipped our trolley and Sandy Sam was side-tracked. Sandy is the musical instrument tinker and has a bench in the corner of the carpenter shop. Here he puts a new neck on a broken-backed mandolin or a new abdomen on a collapsed fiddle. But his avocation is taming sparrows. There is one bit of a bird which never departs more than a few feet from his person. This little jack-sparrow has a small cage on the bench and another in Sandy's cell, but he is oftener hopping about than occupying either of his residences. When Sandy starts off on any errand, he has but to whistle and Mister Jack mounts his finger or shoulder and off they go. And woe to any one who annoys bird or master when they are thus traveling together: Jack pecks viciously at the offender and will even fly full tilt at him.

Down behind the lumber office shack "Parley-voo" has a big cage of pigeons. These birds are raising fine families this spring and roast squab will soon be on the (sub-rosa) bill of fare. Parley-voo has delightful broken English and, alas, a *pauvre petite femme* making cigars for a pittance somewhere amid the perlieus of your Square. Parley is living well and enjoying life. As usual, 'tis the woman who pays!

The boys on the farm often scare up wild rabbits and occasionally catch one. 'Tis fatal for the full-grown one, for he promptly "goes to pot"; but the other day they picked up a young one and bestowed it upon a man in our dormitory. Unluckily for the rest of us, it was a Saturday, so he had to care for the wee babe in our room over Sunday. An old pasteboard shoe box punched full of holes served as a temporary cage, but Sir Rabbit became annoyed at his confinement and in the small hours of the night bunted his way out. He perambulated first under this cot and then under that, stopping now and then to "thump" with his vigorous hind legs. Sleep? Well, perhaps some of us did, but others were sufficiently wakeful to tell the rabbit's owner what we thought of him and his beast.

There is one lone "dorg" within the walls, a fat little mongrel who lives out in the tuberculosis camp, and he's a real good fellow, glad to make new acquaintances. I have had many an amiable chat with him as we take our morning walk together. He rarely interrupts my flow of talk and never disagrees with me. Much more agreeable company than some of those who go habitually on their hind legs.

And what more shall I say,—for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon ("Gid" for short) and his white Guinea pigs, and of Barney (surnamed "Blowsy") and his performing cockroaches, and of Samson (familiarily called "Puny") and his cooing dove. And I am weary of all this, and you?

## The Book-Plate of 5153



UNIQUE, perhaps, among all the book-plates of America is this one designed and printed in a prison, by a prisoner, for a prisoner, to be used in books on penology. No. 5153 started a collection of books on penology and as editor of *Good Words* he has access to a good many periodicals and papers which he surveys carefully for all material on or about prisons or prison life, and his collection of extracts and clippings surely will be of largest interest.

### A Mushroom

A *SOFT* spongy thing with a satiny top,  
That sprang up in a night from the mold;  
An impossible thing, an incredible thing,  
So gentle and yielding and cold.  
And yet in the hands of a Master 'tis said,  
'Twill give forth the essence of Zod,  
A puck'ry, an elfin, a goblin-like thing.  
A flavor made but for a God!

Isabel H. Floyd

## Book-Plate Notes

The American Bookplate Society has just issued proofs of an etched portrait, by Sidney L. Smith, of the late well-known English engraver, Charles William Sherborn, R.E., to all members. This proof is the first of a series to be issued during the present year.

Mr. and Mrs. Goble, of Chicago, are preparing a volume, "The Art of the Book-Plate," which will appear in the near future. Mr. Goble has by far the largest collection of book-plates in the state of Illinois. His addition to book-plate literature will be of utmost interest.

Mr. Winward Prescott, of Boston, issued a pamphlet, "My Book-Plates." It is a handsome booklet illustrated with the eight original plates used by Mr. and Mrs. Prescott in their library and was privately printed for distribution among their friends.

The book-plate seems to be coming into its own in fiction. Two new novels, *A Reluctant Adam* and *The Idyl of Twin Fires*, by Sidney Williams and Walter Pritchard Eaton, respectively, have mentioned book-plates. Whether by chance or design, the former mentions the name Prescott in this connection. (The Miscellany, Vol. II, 1915.)

Miss Clara Tice executed a few additions to book-plates with nudes. They will be exhibited during the exhibition of book-plates in Bruno's Garret in the first week of July.

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## Replated Platitudes

A word to the wise is folly to the otherwise.

The height of human wisdom is to know where it may not even be possible to know.

It generally happens that looking for something you want right away, you find something you wanted right away a long time ago.

Fads and fashions are just a fool's substitutes for sense and reason.

The girl whose dream is of dancing will naturally lead that man a dance, whose dream it is to make her his wife.

Love is that children may be an expression of joy in life.

—Julius Doerner



## The Old Ass

THREE animals were frolicking on the soft young green of a joyous pasture: a young dog, a young horse and an old ass.

The young dog said: "Now I am having a good time—but, oh, later on! They will train me, they will teach me tricks. I will have to be watchful, I will have to get accustomed to kicks, and I will have to bear patiently the wildest temper of my master. In the long run a dog catcher will get a hold of me. Does it pay to live? Surely, it does not!"

And the young horse said: "Now I am leading a joyful life, indeed,—but, oh, later on! They will catch me, they will put a harness around my body—I will have to draw heavy loads. Or, someone is going to sit on my back and will abuse me with whip and spurs. And then some day they will sell me to a butcher and they will mete out my flesh by the pound. Does it pay to live? Is it worth while? Surely, it is not!"

But the old ass, who had listened with astonished eyes, said: "I really do not know what's the matter with you. I have been serving for the last thirty years. I have a good position with the Standard Oil Company, and surely I am doing very well. And I find that life is worth while living."

—Guido Bruno

## Zippa—The Mosquito

COME, come nearer to the lamp," gleefully exclaimed Zippa. Her wings fluttered and two hundred little mosquitoes followed the invitation of little Zippa, happy, joyful, without hesitation, without thinking.

Under the lamp, which was covered by a green silk screen, sat an old man eating his supper.

And there came Zippa with two hundred mosquitoes, and Zippa felt hilarious like never before.

"Dying! Dying surely is the sweetest thing in life! How we do wish to die! Just to die!" And all the mosquitoes repeated Zippa's exclamations.

With merry laughter they fluttered against the hot chimney, and soon they lay convulsed with pain next to the supper dishes of the old man. He wanted to kill quickly the dying mosquitoes so that they would not suffer a long death agony.

But Zippa cried while she shook her burnt wings: "Just leave us alone. We are happy to die—dying is so beautiful!" And again all the dying mosquitoes repeated what Zippa had said.

And everybody was laughing—and—died.

The old man continued his supper.

He was hungry.

*From the German of Paul Scheerbart, by Guido Bruno*

## Adultery

**W**ASHINGTON SQUARE. A bench near the Garibaldi monument. Mamie and Tom are playing. Mamie has her wooden doll in an old cigar box. She plays with little Tom, "father and mother." The doll is their child. Tenderly Mamie hugs the doll in her arms. Tom, the father, has to leave them. He has to go out into the world. He has to earn a living. He has to bring food to mother and child. Tom passes through the Washington Arch. He crosses the street and walks towards Macdougall Alley. On the doorstep of one of the first houses stands Mary. Mary, the child of the lady with the big, black auto.

Mary walks towards Tom. She shows him her big, beautiful doll, with its blonde curls of real hair, and blue eyes that open and close automatically, a doll with a human face. A face that looks like his little baby sister. And then she shows him the carriage, a real baby carriage, with silk curtains and soft pillows.

And Tom plays "father and mother" with little Mary. Mamie is still sitting on the bench near the Garibaldi monument, rocking her baby and waiting patiently for Tom. The father does not come back. And she takes her cigar box and her wooden doll and moves to a bench in the most remote corner of Washington Square South.

Mamie starts to cry heart-breakingly.

—Guido Bruno

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## From Foreign Magazines

*Translated by Guido Bruno*

### **The Life of a Suffragette**

**S**HE boarded a very crowded train. A gentleman got up and with a smile and a few kind words offered her his seat. She knocked his hat off and exclaimed:

"How dare you! Am I not your equal? I wish to be treated exactly like a man! Do you understand me, you fool?"

In the revolving door of the dining room in which she desired to take her dinner she collided with a young gentleman, who stepped back to let her pass.

"Please, ladies first," he said, trying to give the revolving door a push. Quicker than a flash she hit him in the middle of the face and knocked out five of his teeth.

"I am no lady!" she screamed. "I am a human being, just as you are yourself!"

The gentleman was very angry, called a policeman and had her arrested.

In the Tombs she smashed everything in the woman's cell where she was placed, and assaulted violently three guards.

"I don't want to be brought to a woman's cell!" she hollered until she could be heard in the remotest corner of the prison. "I am the equal of any man here. I demand to be placed in a man's cell!"

After she had raved in such a manner and created a lot of disturbance she was condemned to solitary confinement. She had to be put into a straight jacket to prevent her from hurting

herself. Her diet was reduced to bread and water. And then she started to cry and to scream:

"Such is the bestiality of men who are masters of the regulations! In such a detestable way they abuse the weak sex! I am a lady, and I request to be treated like a lady!"

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## Germany's Angel

**Y**OU surely will know that each of the belligerent countries has an envoy in the disguise of an angel kneeling at the throne of God and praying for the victory of the arms of his country. The Russian angel is praying day and night that the dear Lord may help the Russians, because only with his help can they achieve an ultimate victory over their enemies.

The French angel is also praying, and praying not alone for the arms of his own country, but imploring the Lord's blessing upon the arms of Russia so that France may not lose the billions of dollars which she loaned to Russia. And the angels of all other countries pray unwearyingly. The dear Lord, gracious—as he always is—lends his ear to all of them. And while he looks over the number of the angels kneeling at his throne, he misses the envoy of Germany. With a look of inquiry the Lord turns to St. Peter.

"Yes," says Peter, "Germany's angel most likely is with the troops of his country and hasn't time to come up here; but after the war he will come to offer his thanks."

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## A Serbian Cornelia

In a Serbian magazine I find the following death notice inserted by a Spartan mother of the country: "Slobodan P. Iowanowitsch, second lieutenant of the infantry, was wounded on the 30th of November before Bejelograd and died on the 1st of December, and sleeps his last rest in the church yard of Mali-Pojarewatz.

"Seven times, my son, did I save you from sickness and danger in life. I cared for you and educated you until you were nineteen years of age and until you, my first born, were granted the privilege of giving your life for your country. Even if your father had been alive, he would have been too old and too weak to take arms and participate in this holy war. You took his place. You did your duty. You sacrificed your life in the hope of contributing to the final liberation of our country which is so hard and terribly persecuted. Your younger brother, your mother, your three sisters will mourn for you. But you are united with your father and your captain, Miljutin Petrowitsch, who fell by your side. We know that you sacrificed your life as a hero for Serbia's greatness. We implore our dear Lord that he may give you his reward and that the cruelly persecuted soil of your ancestors may be restful to you."

Your poor mother, Sillia.



*Aubrey Beardsley, Self Portrait*

---

**To Paul Verlaine**

**T**HOU wast incarnate on a sea of song,  
 An ivory ocean of the soul, abbanned  
 To common gaze. Before thine eyes, a strand  
 Of drowsy saffron rolled its length along  
 O'erhung with frondage in a purple throng.  
 Afloat with frail, luustral music, spanned,  
 With dewy tides of scent from Samarkand,  
 Kissed with the latent dissonance of wrong:  
 Thine isle lay fair, yet terrible and wan,  
 As a celestial, half-imagined thing;  
 But o'er the drowsy sand's long saffron line  
 Lurk figures in the imagery of Man;  
 And darkling o'er the purple frondage, wing  
 A mystic pageantry of Forms Divine.

*John W. Draper, Jr.*



## The Red Laugh

by Leonidas Andreief

. . . **I**N the eleventh row of stalls. Somebody's arms were pressing closely against me on my right and left-hand side, while far around me in the semi-darkness stuck out motionless heads, tinged with red from the lights upon the stage. And gradually the mass of people, confined in that narrow space, filled me with horror. Everybody was silent, listening to what was being said on the stage or, perhaps, thinking out his own thoughts, but as they were many, they were more audible, for all their silence, than the loud voices of the actors. They were coughing, blowing their noses, making a noise with their feet and clothes, and I could distinctly hear their deep, uneven breathing, that was heating the air. They were terrible, for each of them could become a corpse, and they all had senseless brains. In the calmness of those well-brushed heads, resting upon white, stiff collars, I felt a hurricane of madness ready to burst every second.

My hands grew cold as I thought how many and how terrible they were, and how far away I was from the entrance. They were calm, but what if I were to cry out "Fire!" . . . And full of terror, I experienced a painfully passionate desire, of which I cannot think without my hands growing cold and moist. Who could hinder me from crying out—yes, standing up, turning round and crying out: "Fire! Save yourselves—fire!"

A convulsive wave of madness would overwhelm their still limbs. They would jump up, yelling and howling like animals; they would forget that they had wives, sisters, mothers, and would begin casting themselves about like men stricken with sudden blindness, in their madness throttling each other with their white fingers fragrant with scent. The light would be turned on, and somebody with an ashen face would appear upon the stage, shouting that all was in order and that there was no fire, and the music, trembling and halting, would begin playing something wildly merry. But they would be deaf to everything—they would be throttling, trampling, and beating the heads of the women, demolishing their ingenious, cunning head-dresses. They would tear at each other's ears, bite off each other's noses, and tear the very clothes off each other's bodies, feeling no shame, for they would be mad. Their sensitive, delicate, beautiful, adorable women would scream and writhe helplessly at their feet, clasp their knees, still believing in their generosity—while they would beat them viciously upon their beautiful, upturned faces, trying to force their way towards the entrance. For men are always murderers, and their calmness and generosity is the calmness of a well-fed animal, that knows itself out of danger.

And when, having made corpses of half their number, they would gather at the entrance in a trembling, tattered group of shamefaced animals, with a false smile upon their lips, I would go onto the stage and say with a laugh:

"It has all happened because you killed my brother." Yes, I would say with a laugh: "It has all happened because you killed my brother."

I must have whispered something aloud, for my neighbor on the right-hand side moved angrily in his chair and said:

"Hush! You are interrupting."

I felt merry and wanted to play a joke. Assuming a warning severe expression, I stooped towards him.

"What is it?" he asked suspiciously. "Why do you look at me so?"

"Hush, I implore you," whispered I with my lips. "Do you not perceive a smell of burning? There is a fire in the theatre."

He had enough power of will and good sense not to cry out. His face grew pale, his eyes starting out of their sockets and almost protruding over his cheeks, enormous as bladders, but he did not cry out. He rose quietly, and, without even thanking me, walked tottering towards the entrance, convulsively keeping back his steps. He was afraid of the others guessing about the fire and preventing him getting away—him, the only one worthy of being saved.

I felt disgusted and left the theatre also; besides, I did not want to make known my incognito too soon. In the street I looked towards that part of the sky where the war was raging; everything was calm, and the night clouds, yellow from the lights of the town, were slowly and calmly drifting past.

"Perhaps it is only a dream, and there is no war," thought I, deceived by the stillness of the sky and town.

But a boy sprang out from behind a corner, crying joyously:

"A terrible battle. Enormous losses. Buy a list of telegrams—night telegrams!"

I read it by the light of the street lamp. Four thousand dead. In the theatre, I should say, there were not more than one thousand. And the whole way home I kept repeating—"four thousand dead."

Now I am afraid of returning to my empty house. When I put my key into the lock and look at the dumb, flat door, I can feel all its dark, empty rooms behind it, which, however, the next minute, a man in a hat would pass through, looking furtively around him. I know the way well, but on the stairs I begin lighting match after match, until I find a candle. I never enter my brother's study, and it is locked with all that it contains. And I sleep in the dining-room, whither I have shifted altogether; there I feel calmer, for the air seems to have still retained the traces of talking and laughter and the merry clang of dishes. Sometimes I distinctly hear the scraping of a dry pen—and when I lay down on my bed . . .

From "The Red Laugh," by Leonidas Andreief, published by Duffield & Co., 211 West 33rd Street, N. Y. City. Price, \$1.00 net.

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Leonidas Andreief's "The Red Laugh," translated some time ago by Miss Linden and published in England, appeared recently under the imprint of Duffield & Company in this country. Fragments found among the papers of the writer after his death form the contents of this posthumous book, giving us a vivid picture of the versatility of his imagination not limited by the boundaries of the average mind.

It seems that this English translation is not rendered from the original but from a German or French translation. Most of the Russian writers which have been translated during the past five years reached the English reading public via Germany, France or Italy. While we get in such a way the essentials of the story, and perhaps of the author, we lose a lot of the charm of the original.

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## Art

All art is at once surface and symbol.

Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril.

Those who read the symbol do so at their peril.

It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors.

Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vital.

When critics disagree the artist is in accord with himself.

We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely.

All art is quite useless.

*Oscar Wilde.*

---

## The New Art

She is an art (let me call her so)

Hung, as a web, in the air of perfume,

Soft yet vivid, she sways in music:

(But what sadness in her saturation of life!)

Her music lives in intensity of a moment and then dies;

To her, suggestion is her life.

She left behind the quest of beauty and dream:

Is her own self not the song of dream and beauty itself?

(I know she is tired of ideal and problem and talk.)

She is the moth-light playing on reality's dusk,

Soon to die as a savage prey of the moment;

She is a creation of surprise (let me say so),

Dancing gold on the wire of impulse.

What an elf of light and shadow!

What a flash of tragedy and beauty!

*Yone Noguchi*



## The Color Value of Hair

SOME investigations made in Chicago schools not so long ago showed that the influence of color, for good or evil, upon students, in the class rooms there, was very great. Penologists have thus far, however, persistently regarded its reformatory influence as negligible. Color has a recognized value in art, and some composers have held that a color scheme in music is practicable. Recent experiments along this line had a considerable exploitation in the newspapers the morning after, but no subsequent mention of it has appeared. Color as applied to music may be described as somewhat vague and uncertain to the layman, but certain composers have, nevertheless, contrived to indicate emotions, approaching storms, the marching of soldiers, domestic infelicity and other most surprising things in the music they have written, so that it may be that music has a pronounced color that most of us have been too dull to recognize.

Colors must have a vital symbolism to those who are acute enough to grasp it, that is entirely hidden from obtuse observers. This would perhaps account for the attitude of the bull toward a red fabric, the antagonism of the man of courage for a white flag, and the malevolence of the influence exerted upon many by blue glass, notwithstanding the Pleasonton theories that inspire a so-much dreaded fit of the blues.

Even this brief survey of the subject opens up a "vista" that can be extended to infinity if the reader will but read carefully a standard text-book on color, or study color and its symbolism as set forth in any good monograph about it.

It will, of course, be found that color exercises a tremendous uplift upon us all if we select our proper color affinity. If, on the other hand, we miss so doing, the effect of improper color at once becomes deleterious, as was shown to be the case in the Chicago class room experiments already referred to, and there you are.

Comparatively recent researches abroad make it appear that the color of a man's hair is far more important than we, in our modern smugness, or, if you please, heedlessness in such matters, have been accustomed to think. An Englishman named Charles Kassel has reviewed the biographies of the most eminent people of history, and try as he would, he could not discover any genius that ever had red hair. This would seem to indicate that any one studying to become a genius must fundamentally avoid red hair. If no other way presents itself there is, of course, always the dye-pot. Genius and the simon pure carrotty hair never go hand in hand. Selah!

A flaxen-haired blonde is unlikely to possess genius, although Mr. Kassel found that the hair of Thackeray was yellow. Some flaxen-haired blondes, it might be remarked in passing, require no genius. The mere fact of their being flaxen-haired blondes, is quite enough, and genius would only be in the way. It is better, perhaps, to avoid digressions, however, and to keep the color of our hair strictly before (or behind) us.

Dark brown to black is the prevailing hue on the heads of great men. In a selected list of fifty names, compiled by the investigator, ninety per cent. were found to be dark brown or black. Premature grayness is not popular among the great ones of earth. Nor has any one of these envied ones ever indulged in that ashen brown hair tonsorially known as "singed" or "mouse color."

The structure of the hair, according to the Kassel researches, is also highly important, and should not be overlooked by those about to enroll in the correspondence course in genius preparation. Everybody admires Napoleon, but if you wish to follow in his footsteps you must in some way contrive an equipment of "wiry hair."

The poet's ringlets and the musician's shock of hair are by no means accidents, as some dullards have supposed. Quite the contrary. For in some strange way, not yet fully understood, the poet's "ringlets" and the virtuoso's "shock" are correlated with the genius of their respective possessors.

Red beards should be strenuously eschewed, unless it should be desired to class in with Cain, Judas Iscariot and Pontius Pilate. The young man who is just starting out in life with the idea of becoming a genius may well take heed of what is here set forth and under no circumstances can he afford to forget the color of his hair.

It is most unfortunate that no reliable data has yet been compiled regarding the color of the hair worn by the leading scenario writers and other professions of modernity. If the color of the hair really and truly exercises the influence that Mr. Kassel would have us believe it does, some attention might well be paid by research workers to the tabulation of hair colors and the various trades and professions to which the differing shades are best adapted, so that an intelligent choice might be made with this list before the chooser.

*W. G. Bowdoin*

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## **Jean**

**by Orrick Johns**

When they passed the corners she spoke to almost everybody. At the drug-store she asked him to wait outside. Presently she came back and pulled him in. The druggist gave them both ice cream. She leaned over to Martin. "You don't have to pay," she said; "I do things for him sometimes. He's real nice." Neither of them said another word while they ate the ice cream.

She led him through the streets to the picture show, and when they got there she hesitated. Martin thought she was angry about something. "Are you going to buy the tickets?" she said. He answered, "No, you know why? Because you don't want to go." He thought he ought to walk away fast and leave her where she was. She could get the rich druggist to take her home. "I'd rather walk," she said, standing on tip-toe and poking her chin out at him, "let's just walk." He felt as he did when he saw something good to eat lying on a table, and could just take it and nobody would know. As they walked along she took his arm and said: "Can I have the dime you

were going to buy the tickets with?" He said, "Sure," and handed it to her. She took it and said, "Thanks," and then said, "Now you'll never say 'sure' in that mean way again, because I won't stand it. I'm not like the rest of my family."

They came to a bakery box sitting against the wall on the sidewalk, and she asked him to sit down with her. Martin saw the same things she did, but he would have thought he was a fool if he talked about them so much.

"I like to watch people and a girl can't at night when it's better, because the men are with them," she said. "I hate to see women alone." She picked up his hand and said it scratched her, it was so rough. He felt like he ought to hold her's until after she wanted to let go, but he was afraid to. "You ought to get rich, Martin," she said, "but none of my family will. Maybe I'll marry riches."

They were beginning to feel the cold and presently she said, "Let's go home, because I want to tell you something." As they passed the picture show again, she stopped and looked square at him and told him: "I didn't want to go in there, but I wanted to go out. The druggist didn't give me the ice cream; I bought it and asked you for the dime, because a gentleman should always treat a lady. So now, if you're mad, you can go home to your old mother; she's sulky enough." Martin wanted to hit her, but the next instant she grabbed hold of his arm and pinched it and was saying for him not to be a fool like so many boys were. She added, "I couldn't tell you about the ice cream unless I was walking. I always have to walk when there's something on my soul."

She told him she was eighteen and would never work in a factory after her father died, and that she hated the druggist because he once told her she was pretty, and everybody knew he was a liar. She said she loved to get up early in the morning and dress, and that she loved to dress, all except shoes, and that some day she would never wear shoes again—she would just forget them. Martin thought it was funny she had not been born a boy, and that it would be nice to have money, because she might look better in a new dress. When he asked to come to see her, she said sometimes she cried and he had better bring a bucket along.

She did Mrs. Hupp's work all the time after that. The old woman went on about it, but Martin never said anything to her at all. It was a great comfort to have things pretty and clean and find supper on the fire when he came in. He always used to hold the door open a little too long, no matter how cold it was, because he was a fresh-air crank. Sometimes he would see the girl and his mother together. He thought Jean was like lightning, she was so quick about doing things. When she and his mother spoke to each other they almost always seemed mad. Jean would stop in the middle of her work while they looked hard into each other's eyes, as though it were a trial of strength. But sometimes she just went on like she had not heard Mrs. Hupp speak. And the old woman followed the girl around with her sharp glances, which never seemed to miss looking at everything.

*(To be continued)*

## Sex expert

**A** VERY well-known specialist in female diseases bought for his children a canary. It was supposed to be a singing bird and was highly praised by the dealer, who even produced a pedigree showing that this bird came from a family of prize singers. The doctor paid quite a little price and took with him the yellow singer.

But in vain did his children wait to hear the cheerful voice of the inmate of the beautiful cage. The best things they brought for him to eat. A hand-organ was placed next to the cage and played frequently—far too frequently for the peace-loving neighbors.

But the bird did not sing.

Finally an expert in such things was invited. He made a careful examination and declared that the bird could not sing and never would sing. It was a female. . . .

Angry, the physician went to his lawyer and asked him to start legal proceedings against the felonious bird dealer.

"For mercy's sake, don't think of doing such a thing," the astonished lawyer advised him. "If this affair were made public it would only hurt your prestige as a gynecologist."

---

## Wearing Gloves

**T**O a person brought up to wear gloves only to protect his hands from the cold, the wearing of them just for looks is a vexation. He was taught by example to carry his small change in his trousers pocket, and there is no such thing as getting a nickel or a dime out of a trousers pocket, with a glove on.

There is nothing especially unsightly about the bare hands, if they are clean, whereas gloves are bound to be more or less soiled. In trying to keep them clean one often stops in the midst of a task to take them off. The loss of time here is exasperating. Taking them off just to save them from wear doesn't pay, for one finds after doing it a few times that the gloves rip somewhere before they wear through at all.

A better way to do is to just carry them in one's hand. Then everybody will know that one can afford them and one will be saved all the trouble of taking them off. Putting them on doesn't seem so much trouble because one does it going, but when one wants them off, one has to wait. Moreover, by carrying them they will last much longer and one will not lack for something with which to amuse one's self.

If one carries a cane, it is all right to wear gloves for then a color scheme can be worked out, but if one does not have a cane one does not need any color scheme.

*D. Molby*



## A Book Shop in a Skyscraper

**I**T is more that we want than to get a book,—to exchange dollars and cents for printed paper bound in boards or in morocco or in linen, if we enter a bookshop,—an antiquarian bookshop, I mean. It is selfish, but that's what we are. And so why not confess it and say it openly and save being unjust to those who have not that sixth sense which makes a bookseller a seller of books and without which he is but a seller of wares.

I am not thinking of those purchases of modern books we make if we know exactly what we want and walk into that store brilliantly equipped and lighted and conducted after the most modern methods of business tactics. You, book collector,—you know what I mean,—you have the sixth sense. To buy books means to you a pleasure, perhaps long looked for. It means to you to stroll into the bookshop of your choice and to "look around." Of course, you know what you are interested in, but you surely do not know what you wish to buy. You are full of expectation. You want to ramble around the books, you want to examine them. You want to glance through their pages like a connoisseur of beautiful things who glances here at an object and there at an object and returns again and gets acquainted with that particular piece that attracted his attention, and finally thinks of acquiring it for his own.

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# GREENWICH VILLAGE

## AS IT IS TODAY

**T**O write what we see,—to preserve for future generations what we are witnessing is much easier and more pleasant than to go through records and old books and old histories, take another man's word and write a historical sketch based upon research work.

Greenwich Village is rich in places and buildings where events took place, important for the development of American art, literature and history. What is happening here today will be of interest to posterity. And a little sketch which I have written about the streets, thoroughfares and alleys surrounding in a zig-zag our capital, Washington Square, is a collection of impressions and facts gathered on my walks and gleaned from newspapers and periodicals of our day.

**F**OR him who would like to know about these buildings and places and about the importance of Greenwich Village in days gone by, I gathered a bibliography comprising books, pamphlets, newspaper and magazine articles which appeared during the past hundred years and excerpts from manuscripts and foreign language publications which go back as far as to the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam. In this bibliography—which is in alphabetical order—are mentioned also the libraries where these books and articles can be had.

**T**HIS little book, called *Greenwich Village*, will appear on August first, and will be published in an edition of five hundred copies at a price of fifty cents each. If you wish to take advantage of the subscription price, send in your order, accompanied by fifty cents, before August first.

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